

To colonise this land with orphans
and to contemplate
suicide with a fervor that your servants
so often try to imitate
wrap your arms around my back
wrap me up in your black flags
for black is the colour and freedom
is the word

and we all swing around,
and we all sing about
my detachment, my banishment, my vagrancy

to detach the framework of fact
at the fall of the flags
would you betray the revolution in me?
in thought, word and deed?
are you advocating betrayal?
and bribing whores with diamond rings?
now would you want this frail lad
to bear to be king?